

As Thou Wilt.

Where Thou wilt, Lord Jesus,
 With my loved ones round,
 Or in lonely stillness,
 Not one friendly sound;
 Still beside me Thou wilt stand,
 Ever hold my trembling hand.
 How Thou wilt, Lord Jesus,
 Lingering sickness known,
 Or with sudden swiftness,
 Called before thy throne;
 Freed from fear and cleansed from guilt,
 Send what messenger Thou wilt.
 When Thou wilt, Lord Jesus,
 Mid life's busy care,
 Or my days work ended,
 Serving but by prayer:
 When the chosen hour is come,
 Take me, Lord, to rest at home.

—SEL.

Christ our Protector.

"If, therefore, ye seek Me, let these go their way." In the casket of this brief sentence is contained a most precious truth; yea, a pearl necklace of truths. Let us open the casket and appropriate its treasures. Every step of our incarnate Lord was significant, every syllable he uttered was an expression of infinite wisdom and love; and into the above quoted sentence he breathed the very soul of his atoning sacrifice.

Every one who is familiar with the New Testament will recall the circumstances under which Jesus spoke these words. The mysterious struggle in the Garden of Gethsemane has just taken place—an agony so intense that the drops of sweat upon that countenance were stained with blood. Jesus advances with his three favorite disciples to the garden gateway, where he had probably left the other eight waiting for him. The light of the lanterns and torches flashing beneath the olive-trees reveals Judas and his gang. Jesus steps forward and inquires: "Whom seek ye?" They answer: "Jesus, the Nazarene." "I am he." At these words, spoken in calm majesty, the leaders fell back, overawed, and sink to the earth. Once more he repeats the question: "Whom are ye seeking?" And the reply again is: "Jesus the Nazarene." Turning toward his little band of startled and affrighted disciples, he says: "I have told you that I am he; if, therefore, ye are seeking me, let these go their way." His first thought is for their safety; and the full meaning of his tender words is: "Take me but spare them; bind me but let them go free." And so he fulfills the prediction and the promise which he had once uttered: "Of those whom thou hast given me, have I lost not one."

Did a more beautiful expression of self-sacrifice ever fall from our Saviour's lips? The very essence of true love is the surrender of self for the sake of others. All through the weary nights a patient mother carries the sick, suffering child, forgetful of her own fatigues, if the life of the darling may be but saved. All through hot Summer days the father toils in the fields, in order that the boy may go his way to school, and perhaps afterward to the college. Patriotism echoed the same watchword on the fields of battle. Our brave boys in blue face the foe at the stone-wall of Gettysburg, and are ready to die on the spot that the nation may go on its victorious way and its liberties be secure. We have said that the essence of the sublime doctrine of the atonement was contained in Christ's reply to his captors. It was but the reaffirmation of the words uttered a short time before: "I lay down my life for the sheep." He saved others; himself he could not save.

1. You and I are sinners against the holy law of a holy God. That broken law had its just penalties, and Christ offers to bear those penalties in his own person; where the lightnings of Sinai strike he plants himself, and receives the bolts upon his own head: "Strike me, but let these go their way." He thus redeemed us from the curse of the violated law, being made a curse for us. You and I are sinners deserving punishment. We were condemned already. The atoning Lamb of God offers himself in our stead, to be wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities, that by his stripes we might be healed. The sub-

limely glorious meaning of Calvary's cross is: let me die, that my innumerable multitude of redeemed ones may go their way, pardoned, ransomed and saved forevermore! There is, therefore, now no condemnation to us if we are only in Christ Jesus. This theology may be stigmatized by modern thought as very "old." So it is and so is yonder sun that floods this room with radiance. None but a theology that came out of eternity can carry you and me safely through eternity. Over this transcendent truth of Christ's self-sacrifice for a guilty world of sinners, John Wesley and John Calvin and John Bunyan and Martin Luther can grasp hands in heaven to-day. When we all sing, "My faith looks up to Thee, thou lamb of Calvary," we are only rehearsing that celestial anthem unto Him who loved us, and washed us in his own blood. If we do not say it here, we can never chant it there.

2. That touching incident in Gethsemane not only illustrates the redeeming love of Jesus, but also his protecting care. He planted himself between the endangered disciples and the Roman soldiery and the embittered Sanhedrim. Resistance might have cost their lives. So the Master steps forward to surrender himself that a hair of their heads might not be harmed. To their dying day these disciples must have gratefully remembered how he sheltered them in that dark hour of peril. Is not that same shepherd our protector still? He knows his spiritual flock; he calleth every sheep by name; he promises them eternal life; and no man is able to pluck them out of his hand. Christ protects me from error, if I cleave fast to him. He has promised to lead me into the truth. He protects me from the slavery of selfishness by shedding abroad in my heart the love that conquers self. From the power of the adversary he protects me. He had been tempted himself that he might succor us in the hour of temptation. How much we owe to his watchful eye and to his constant intercession we never shall know until we reach our Father's house. As we look back over the various routes through which we have tracked our way to heaven we may be amazed to discover how often he led us away from dizzy places of danger, and how near we often came to the very verge of destruction. I do not believe that there is a Christian alive on the whole face of the globe to-day who might not have stumbled and fallen utterly and hopelessly if the indwelling grace of Christ had not upheld him. "Lo I am with you always" is my only safeguard. The everlasting arm is my only support. Faith is simply the tight cling to that arm. Divine love is the tight cling to us. The two combined insure a full salvation. The only wretched fall we ever make is when we have presumptuously forsaken that mighty arm, and undertaken to stand alone, as Peter did a few hours after he left the garden.

3. When Jesus said, "Let these go their way," which way did they go? For a few hours they wandered panic-stricken, about the streets of Jerusalem, or its suburbs. But within three days they were all in the familiar "upper room" again, ready to greet their risen Master. Out from that very room (for the Pentecostal blessing of the spirit probably descended into the Eucharistic chamber) they were soon to go their glorious way to missionary labors, apostolic service and holy martyrdom. But what way are we going? Are any of us trying to see how close we can come to the edge of temptation and not go over the precipice? Are we aiming to walk so near the dividing line that people can hardly tell whether we are on Christ's side or the world's side? This is a dangerous experiment. As Dr. Maclaren well says: "It is like children trying how far they can stretch out of the nursery window without tumbling into the street. We may go over someday when we miscalculate." All such attempts and a half-and-half religion, all compromise with the world, all endeavors to follow our Master very far off, with the hazardous hope of "in call" of him when death comes, is but a pitiable caricature of the Christian life. Which way? There is but one way that promises peace of mind and the power to conquer every enemy on the road; but one way that catches the sunshine at every step and leads up from one mountain of God to another until the guiding, protecting hand leads us in through the flashing gates into everlasting

glory!—THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D., IN INDEPENDENT.

A Parable About Conscience.

There was once a little boy who was sent by his mother a long distance on an errand. He was only six years old, and had never been so far alone, but the baby was sick and there was no one else to go for the doctor, for their father was far away from home. So his mother buttoned Hans up in his overcoat, tied a warm scarf over his cap, and, with many directions, sent him off. The last thing she did was to tie a handkerchief around his right arm.

You see Hans was such a little fellow that he could not always tell which was right and left his left arm. The road he was to take had several turns, but always to the right; so his mother said, "When you come to two roads, look at the arm which has the handkerchief on, and take the road on that side. After three turns, you will come to a large white house on the right side, with the doctor's name in big letters on the gate."

So Hans started off. At the first turn, he took much pleasure in looking at his arm which carried the handkerchief, and making sure he was following the right path. After a while, when he was beginning to be a little tired, he came to the second turn. Then, on the road to the left, at a short distance, he could see a large white house. It looked very pleasant, and, oh, how he wished it might be the doctor's house. Wasn't that the right road? He tried hard to think so, and almost twisted himself around to make his handkerchief point in that direction, but plainly the other was the right; so although it looked lonely and led up a steep hill, he only gave a sigh and trudged bravely on, thinking of the dear little baby at home, who was sick and needed the doctor.

After he reached the top of the hill there was a short strip of wood to pass. Hans was a bit afraid here, so he ran hard until he was under the open sky again, and here he found the third turn before him. But, what do you think! As he thought to look at his arm and make sure of the right direction, he found that his motions in running through the woods had loosened the handkerchief and in another minute it would have dropped from his arm. He quickly tightened it and took the right road again as his mother had told him. This led around a sharp corner and brought him directly in front of a large white house where on the gate were some big letters, which he knew meant the doctor's name. How glad he was to find his long walk ended! The doctor was at home, and was soon ready to take Hans back in his carriage, and you will be glad to know that his medicine soon cured the dear little sister.

Hans' handkerchief, dear children, is like the conscience which we have in our hearts. If God, our heavenly Father, had not given us this to show what is right and what is wrong, we would make many very serious mistakes. If Hans had not followed the right road when he knew what it was, the handkerchief on his arm would have done him no good. Many people will not follow this voice in their hearts because they think some other way would be pleasanter, and thus their conscience becomes of no use to them; and, some by neglecting it, almost cease to have a conscience, as Hans might have lost his handkerchief from his arm if he had not carefully tightened it when it became loose.

Because Hans followed the directions which had been given him, he found his way safely to the doctor's house. So when conscience whispers, "Don't do that, it is wrong," we must heed the voice; and when it says, "This is our duty, do this," we should listen and obey. Thus we may find our way through all the dangerous paths in this world and come to our heavenly Father's house at last.—Sel.

It is the crushed grape that gives out the blood-red wine. It is the suffering soul that breathes the sweetest melodies.

Modesty is the appendage of sobriety, and is to chastity, to temperance, and to humility as the fringes are to a garment.